

THE FEMALE WATCH DOG—A MODERN ANOMALY FAST PASSING AWAY

Even Madame Grundy Has Become Reconciled to the Disappearance of the Once Ubiquitous Chaperon.

By ELLEN ADAIR

OF ALL the institutions which have been handed down to us from ages gone by, the chaperon is the one in the most danger of falling into innocuous desuetude. The time was when the chaperon was an all-important planet in the social orbit...

But where is she now? To what inaccessible place has she departed and why? Why is it that mothers who a few years ago would never have permitted their daughters to go off on all-day jaunts with men friends unchaperoned...

deavor; when damsels show not the slightest hesitancy to travel unaccompanied, the world around, the chaperon—that is, for all unmarried women, without regard to their age or experience in life—is rather an anomaly.

However, does seem to me that the watch-dog lady is not altogether dispensable. So long as very young girls, not yet out of high school, are permitted to "run around" with callow youths...

Only the other day I was going down to a seaside resort for the week-end when a quartet of youngsters got on the train. The girls were sweet little things of 15 or 16 years of age and the boys were not more than a couple of years their senior.

It occurred to me then that since these children were not very far out of the "nursery" stage, this was a clear case for the chaperon. Somehow it seems rather disillusioning to think that such youngsters are so well able to look after themselves. I should have liked to have seen some quiet little gray-haired woman sitting by smiling at their ebullient, youthful spirits, watching over and guiding their pleasures without interfering with their enjoyment.

Perhaps the fact that the art of chaperoning was such a fine one, which only the few could ever hope to have become mistress of, was responsible for its ultimate death, but it seems to me that it would be an unwise move for Madame Grundy to banish her entirely. Like the cat, her need may not be constant, but there are times when she is wanted badly.

GLOOM DARKENS ITALY'S HOMES AS HER MEN GO FORTH TO WAR

Woman Observer in Rome Sees Little Real Enthusiasm Among the Masses of the People—Poignant Grief of Bereaved Families.

By INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN

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THEY tell me—every one tells me—that Italy was mad for war. Maybe. But let me tell you what I have seen and also what I have heard.

The first station on Italian soil at which the train stops is Medane. There we were delayed some time on account of customs and passports.

A group of volunteers filed into the station to take their places in the train en route for the front. They were all young men, some with their arms and the applaudments of the by-standers. Volia! War enthusiasm of the off-go. Then I discovered that all of them were in varying degrees under the influence of liquor.

A woman leaned against a pile of luggage sobbing. A soldier patted close to her singing the song of Garibaldi. It was too much. "Fool!" she screamed at him. "Why do you sing? Don't you know you are going to your death? It is just such a horrible, meaningless, and taken my son away from me to be slaughtered." "Signora," he answered her, "it is better to die singing than sighing."

A naval officer boarded the train at Genoa. He was on the way to join his ship. We spoke together, long and soberly. He said that war was unthinkable—a dreamy waste of time and money. He had no heart for it. But he did not see what else could be done to preserve the national integrity. Had an alternative existed he would gladly have welcomed the alternative. But war had come and he must do his duty.

WOMAN'S PASSIONATE PROTEST In the hotel here in Rome I spoke to my femme de chambre. "What do you think of the war?" I asked her. She turned to me, her patient body awning into a pose of passionate protest—tears were in her eyes. "What do I think of war, madame? I, who have sent my husband—to be killed, perhaps. I think it is cruel, horrible, meaningless. I think it is so unbearable that if there were a revolution against war I should join it. Think, madame, what will happen to me if my husband is killed. Life will be over for me, too, and who will look after my little bambino? She, too, will die. Three of us dead then—for nothing. Or, if my husband is wounded so that he can not work, then I must support him and my bambino. And I have always worked. I would like some time to rest."

Later I spoke to the head waiter. "Do you like this war business?" "Ah, madame, it is not pleasant, but one must do one's duty."

"Does any one like it?" "It is here, madame; what can we do?" "Protest; refuse to go."

"Ah, madame, then one is shot as a traitor—it is better to take a chance."

FORCED ENTHUSIASM I asked a friend who had been here many years. "Does any one want this war?" "Not that I can see, she said. "Now that it is here they whip up their enthusiasm because it must be faced. But up to two days before the war they never dreamed they would have it. They yelled and blustered, and suddenly, when it came, they sobered into realization."

Another friend who lives in Rome had the same story to tell. "People are not enthusiastic. At most they do their duty. My chauffeur was called a week ago. He cried. I did what I could to console him, so did others. The day after he left I asked his friend how he behaved at the fifth tire. He answered, 'crying, always the same. I encouraged him. His father encouraged him, but he had no hope.'"

Here is another version. I asked a journalist, a correspondent of an American paper, whether he would go gladly. "Yes," he said, "like every one else."

"But do the Italians like the war?" That has not been my impression, I said. "Like it? They love it. We are fighters by tradition and training. We are not like your English officers—soldiers part of the time. We are trained to hard fighting; it is in our blood. The nation goes to war exultant and singing, as I do."

D'ANNUNZIO'S CALL TO ARMS. Especially was I convinced that this was the state of mind of those who intoxicated themselves with the idea of war as an heroic endeavor after I had talked with D'Annunzio and one or two of the Nationalists (i. e., a group of writers and journalists whose motto is "United Italy" and who are about the only group as far as I can see, who are enthusiastic and have always been enthusiastic for war). These gentlemen view it from an imaginative and storytelling standpoint, and not from a standpoint of reality. They live in the past and the traditions of the past.

"Italy must fight, else her chances of national greatness are gone forever." They get drunk themselves, and, of course, they easily make a crowd drunk with clap-trap of this sort. And this, as far as I can see, is what makes up the enthusiasm that is so diligently written up for a Government which has not secured the enthusiasm of its people for war by a referendum—the only accurate way to measure enthusiasm.

AN OFFICIAL EXPLANATION. Another explanation of enthusiasm—this from an official high in Rome—a non-party man. "How," I said, "if there was no enthusiasm for war, do you account for the demonstrations against Giolitti?" "Here is a way to account for part of them. The Free Masons were given a holiday. The sum of 75 centimes per man was paid by the French Embassy to those who would participate in the demonstration. A paid nucleus like this could easily whip up the crowd, as you can see. No; Italy did not want war. She was a surprised nation to find herself in the midst of it and wishes she could easily whip up the crowd, as you can see. Of course, now that she is in it she must keep at it, and therefore she keeps telling herself how glad she is to be where she is."

SOLDIERS LED TO SLAUGHTER. I watched the face of some soldiers off to the front. They were being marched through the streets by an excited, cheering crowd. I noticed that they did very little cheering themselves. They looked a bit dazed. They each had tricycles and side by side with each tramped friends and relations. The friends, of course, were very jolly (oh, that jubilation, ignorance of seeing somebody else to fight!). The mothers and sisters and little children were not so jolly, though they were swept along by a feeling of pride in him about whom everybody was making such a fuss.

WOMEN STUDY BABY'S HEALTH AND SANITATION AT CARNIVAL IN THE WILLIAM CRAMP SCHOOL



Earnest Faces at Lecture on Eradication and Prevention of Tuberculosis Is Convincing Proof of Parents' Hunger for Knowledge—Prizes Will Be Awarded Most Popular and Most Healthful Children.

LET the last lingering doubt be banished from the mind of the skeptic that the women, especially the mothers of the little children in our city, are not fully alive to the glorious dawning of this new era in which sanitation as regards baby's environment is the paramount issue.

One look at the earnest faces of the women who sat in the basement auditorium of the William Cramp School, at the corner of Tioza and Howard streets, Monday afternoon, many of them with their babies on their knees, when Doctor Sylvester Dehan brought home to them by simple statements the great necessity of sanitary conditions in and about the home for the eradication and prevention of tuberculosis, was convincing proof of the fact that there is a hunger for greater knowledge regarding the surest and quickest way to attain health and consequent happiness.

The carnival which is being given at the school each afternoon and evening of this week by the William Cramp Home and School Association, a branch of the Home and School League of Philadelphia, is a project in the interest of health

and sanitation, greater in detail than any yet attempted.

The splendid arrangement of exhibits represents weeks of arduous work on the part of the members of the association. Not the least of this has been the time and energy expended by the women of the association and district in soliciting the articles for sale. These include everything in the line of toothsome goodies from ice cream to home-made cakes and candies, and in the line of serviceable commodities from sweet-scented soaps to new-fangled types of aprons and hosiery.

These good women have gone about their task with a zeal which only a heartfelt interest in their undertaking could inspire, and have used every means of persuasion known to womanhood in transferring articles from the well-stocked shelves of the merchant to the more attractive booths of their fair.

It has meant a divorce without alimony from their kitchens, and a whole-sale slaughter of their days, but with the courage and patience of a woman when her cause is a just and worthy one, they have accomplished the wonders that are obvious to the visitor at the carnival.

The mothers of the cherubs of this dis-

trict—it is bounded by Allegheny avenue, 32nd avenue, 5th and D streets—are all as busy as bees laundering the very best of baby and tucker of their darlings so that they may be entered in the baby contests, of which there are to be two during the week. A lovely prize has been selected for the most popular baby in the neighborhood. Another is for the healthiest child less than 3 years old. The decision in this contest will be left to the physicians and nurses in charge of the clinic room.

Each mother inwardly resolves that if her baby doesn't take the prize as the healthiest child this year, here will be the victory next year, for who could fail to be blessed with a perfectly healthy, normal specimen of babyhood after listening to the instructive lectures which the carnival has provided.

The women of the association who have materially aided in making the carnival a success are Mrs. George White, Mrs. George Herdman, Mrs. William White, Mrs. Fred Benzenhofer, Mrs. Dearnley, Mrs. Albert Paget, Mrs. Joe Ardron, Mrs. James Tierney, Mrs. George Tomlinson, Mrs. Charles Bauer, Mrs. George Romig, Mrs. Frank Schrader, Mrs. John Bry, Mrs. John H. Moon, Mrs. Alfred Wright and Mrs. Harvey Severs.

Billy Robin's New Friend

"I GUESS he has finally eaten himself to death," said Billy Robin to Tommy Sparrow some time later. "I happened by the cabbage patch just now, and not a sign of a caterpillar did I see. "Then what is that queer looking brown bundle just under the edge of the cabbage plant?" asked Tommy Sparrow, curiously. "I thought perhaps that was he."

going to be a butterfly! And now he has eaten himself to death! Well, it serves him right for being so greedy and unsocial." "I never liked him myself," Tommy Sparrow added the always liked to agree with Billy Robin, whom he admired tremendously. "I predicted he would come to some bad end."

"And now he has, so let's stop talking about him," said Billy Robin. "I hate to talk about unpleasant things and dead caterpillars, especially dead greedy ones. Let's fly over there in yonder yard where the foxglove is blooming so beautifully. I love to fly over flowers." So away they flew towards the neighbor's garden where foxgloves bloomed—and worms were plenty!

"Never have I known a more beautiful day," cried Billy delightedly. "Just the day for living and flying!"

NET DANCE FROCKS ARE WORN AT INFORMAL SUMMER HOPS

I KNOW a little girl whose vacation frocks will have to net her about \$10. She is planning and hoping to look her best, and together we have made up our minds to accomplish this object with the least amount of trouble and expense. She already has her spring traveling suit, her gloves, and shoes, so that the only real purchases she has to make are her light summer frocks and blouses. Am not going to go into the details about her outfit, except to say something about the little gown shown in today's illustration. It is suitable for almost any occasion, and is especially appropriate for the summer dances, for my little friend's summer hotel is most unpretentious, and she is sure to look as well as any of the other girls in her dainty white net frock.



The lace used as trimming on this dress is shockingly cheap—net top lace, they all call it. The rest of the material is plain net, with a novel arrangement of hand-made tucks for the crowning touch.

Lacelle's famous creation, the pointed tunic, is seen on the skirt. This has dainty tucks and edgings of the lace, falling in wide folds at the sides. Two extra rows of lace are used on the underskirt, to give the impression of a second tunic. Another pretty idea about this is that all the lace is attached by means of hemstitching—a typically French finish. Black velvet is used on the giraffe—one which had done service on several nice summer frocks, and was renovated by means of a little steaming.

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AN INEXPENSIVE DANCE FROCK

By BURTON DONNEL HUGHES

SOCIAL GAITIES AT AVALON

Season Now at Height at Popular Seashore Resort.

AVALON, N. J., July 23.—Social and other festivities are now at full tide at this ideal seashore resort. Four regular dances are now scheduled every week. At both the Casino and at Hotel Avalon dancing masters are giving instruction. At a big dance given at the Yacht Club Saturday night the entire cottage colony turned out to welcome the guests.

Friday, July 23, is the date officially set for the beginning of Avalon's seventh annual tennis tournament. Play will continue on Fridays and Saturdays throughout the remainder of the season.

During the races at the Yacht Club members of a number of new hydroplanes will be tried out. Dozens of fishermen daily line the Boardwalk, from which they make plentiful catches of kingfish at low water and of weakfish at high water. Surf casters also report the return of the channel bass.

John Luther Long has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick James Price for several days this week.

Mrs. Helen La Mont, former prima donna of the La Mont Opera Company, is at Hotel Avalon.

The services at St. John's-by-the-Sea will be conducted on Sunday by the Rev.

Stewart P. Keeling, rector of St. Peter's Church, Germantown.

Magistrate R. F. Henshaw has reopened his cottage near the Inlet front.

William Higway (D. Hall), statistician, Pennsylvania State Highway Department, and Mrs. Hall, are at Hotel Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan T. Rorer have returned to their summer home on the Inlet front.

Mr. Charles D. Gill, of Cynwyd, was here for the week-end.

Registered at Hotel Avalon this week are: Wayne Darlington, E. F. Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Reynolds, Owen Burk, S. L. Wingo, Thaddeus Gorch, J. R. Foulke, F. P. Leopold and family, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cass, S. C. Briggs, M. L. McAlister, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Brown, Philip C. Felt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith, J. Percy Robinson and Miss Robinson, all of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. D. Hall, Narberth; Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wilson, Camden; J. Frank Wilson, Woodbury; T. Martin Shaw, Media; Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Steel, Delanco; Mr. and Mrs. J. Raymond Jones and J. Raymond Jones, Jr., of Cynwyd.

The Evening Ledger will award a daily prize of \$1 for the best original suggestion on entertainment. The subject of the first contest will be "My Most Successful Luncheon." All manuscripts should be reasonably legible, and will be returned. Address to the Entertainment Contest, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

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A gentleman from Norfolk, Va., came to Philadelphia some two weeks ago, called at LEDGER CENTRAL and asked us for advice concerning the proper school for his son, who had been attending a private day school, but had not been doing satisfactory work. He was behind his class, and, to use a popular phrase, needed "jacking up." After getting the facts in the case we suggested a boarding school of splendid reputation and put both parties in touch with one another. The headmaster of the school secured an appointment, journeyed from Harrisburg to Norfolk, and the parents of the boy were so impressed by his personality and what LEDGER CENTRAL had told them about the school that they registered him at once. The matter was settled with the minimum amount of trouble and expense. The mother wrote us a sincere letter of appreciation, which well repays for the service rendered. You can obtain as good service for your boy or girl by getting in touch with the "School Man" at LEDGER CENTRAL. He has inspected the schools and studied them and he knows the strong and weak points of each. Call if you can; otherwise, write or phone.

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SALLY, OF PEACOCK ALLEY THE DREAM GIRL OF VANITY FAIR



You want to know what the two "nobby gents" in the center of the picture are talking about? The "sassy" gowns worn by the "sassy girls" who are posing, no doubt. Are the girls talking about the simple, dignified clothes worn by "the nobby gents"? Perhaps.